



*Lud. DuGuernier inv. et Sculp.*



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ALEXANDER

THE

2

GREAT.

A

TRAGEDY.

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Now first Translated from the  
*French* of M. RACINE.

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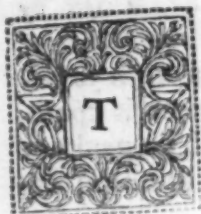
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# P R E F A C E.



HERE is hardly any Tragedy wherein History is more faithfully followed than this: The Subject is taken from several Authors but especially from the Eighth Book of Quintus Curtius. There, we read all that Alexander did when he enter'd into the Indies, the Embassies he sent to the Kings of that Country, the different Receptions his Envoys met with, the Alliance Taxiles made with him the Haughtiness wherewith Porus refused the Conditions he was offer'd the Enmity between Porus and Taxiles, and lastly, the Victory Alexander gain'd over Porus the noble Answer which that brave Indian made the Conqueror, when he ask'd him how he expected to be treated, and the Generosity with which Alexander restor'd him all his Dominions with the Addition of several others.

This Action of Alexander has been look'd upon as one of the gallantest of that Prince's whole Life; and the Danger he was in from Porus's Obstinacy, seems to be the greatest he ever met with. He himself acknowledged it, saying he had at last met with a Danger worthy his Courage. And it was upon this very Occasion he cry'd out: " O Athenians, how much Pains do I take to gain your Applause! I have endeavour'd to represent in Porus an Enemy fit for Alexander; and I may boast that his Character has pleas'd extreamly upon our Stage; so much, that some People have reproach'd me with making that Prince greater than Alexander. But they don't consider that in the Battel and Victory, Alexander is in Fact greater than Porus, that there is not a Line in the Play but what's to the Praise of Alexander, and that the very Invectives of Porus and Axiane are so many Elogiums of that Conqueror's Valour. Porus indeed may be more Moving, because he is unfortunate. " For, as Seneca says. such is our " Nature, that we admire nothing in the World so much as " a Man that knows how to bear Misfortune unshaken. Ita affecti sumus, ut nihil æquè magnum apud nos admirationem occupet, quàm homo fortiter miser.

The

## P R E F A C E.

*The Loves of Alexander and Cleophile are not of my own Invention. Justin mentions them as well as Quintus Curtius. Those two Historians tell us, that a Queen in the Indies call'd Cleophile, gave up her self to Alexander with the City which he besieg'd her in, and that he re establish'd her in her Kingdom because of her Beauty. She had a Son by him, and call'd him Alexander. These are the Words of Justin: Regna Cleofidis Reginæ petit. Quæ cum se dedisset ei, Regnum ab Alexandro recepit, illecebris consecuta quod virtute non potuerat, Filiumque ab eo genitum Alexandrum nominavit, qui postea Regno Indorum potitus est.*

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## D R A M A T I S   P E R S O N Æ.

### M E N.

Alexander.  
Porus, } *Kings in the Indies.*  
Taxiles, }  
Hephestion.

### W O M E N.

Axiane, *Queen of another Part of the Indies.*  
Cheophile, *Sister to Taxiles.*

Alexander's Train.

**S C E N E** *lies on the Margin of the River Hydaspes, in the Camp of Taxiles.*

Alex.



# Alexander *the Great.*

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## A C T I.

*Enter Taxiles and Cleophile.*

C L E O P H I L E.



WILL you then fight against a King,  
whose Pow'r  
Seems to force Heav'n to undertake  
his Cause;  
One at whose Feet all *Asia's* Kings  
fall prostrate,  
One who drags Fortune at his Cha-  
riot Wheels?

Shut not your Eyes to *Alexander's* Greatness:  
See, round ye. Thrones laid level with the Dust,  
Nations subdu'd, and Monarchs led in Irons,  
And then prevent the Ills that caus'd their Ruin.

*Tax.* Would ye that I, struck with so base a Fear,  
Offer my Neck and meet the threat'ning Yoke?  
Shall *India* say I forg'd the Chains that bind us?  
Shall I quit *Perus*, and betray those Princes  
Who for their Country's Freedom are assembled,  
And who, not wav'ring in a Choice so noble,  
Alike know how to live or die like Kings?  
Behold ye one, so much as one, that tamely  
Is blown to Earth at *Alexander's* Name?  
Which of them all goes forth to beg for Slavery?

Far

Far from being frighten'd at his Bug-bear Glory,  
 Ev'n in the Lap of Victory they'll strike him.  
 Wou'd ye then, on the brink of Battle, Sister,  
 Have *Taxiles* make humble Suit for Peace?

*Cleo.* Nay, rather does not He address to You?  
 'Tis Your sole Friendship *Alexander* courts;  
 Just in the Act of launching his red Thunder,  
 He strives in secret to preserve You from it.

*Tax.* Why spares he Me alone? Of all the Princes  
 Whom the *Hydaspes* sends to stop his Progress,  
 Has none but I deserv'd his shameful Pity?  
 Can he not offer Amity to *Porus*?

He doubtless thinks Him a too gen'rous Soul  
 To listen to so scandalous a Favour:  
 He seeks a soft, a less resisting Spirit;  
 So chuses Me an Object for his Mercy.

*Cleo.* Brother, you mis-interpret his Designs:  
 He takes You for the bravest of his Foes,  
 And by disarming You, makes sure account  
 Of trampling down all other Opposition.  
 His Choice imprints no Stains upon your Name;  
 His Friendship falls not to the Lot of Cowards;  
 Tho', fir'd with Glory, he wou'd rule the World,  
 No Slave is to be seen among his Friends.  
 Alas, if his Acquaintance is so blackning,  
 Why spar'd you not your Sister from such Shame?  
 You know the daily Services he pays me,  
 Which, but for You, had never gone such Lengths.  
 You see me here the Mistress of his Soul,  
 Nor want I hourly Tokens of his Flame;  
 His burning Sighs have found a way ev'n hither,  
 Thro' all th' Impediments of adverse Camps.  
 Instead of being angry that I see him,  
 I've heard you chide me for my Coldness to him:  
 You caus'd me, Brother, to admit his Love,  
 And, in my turn, perhaps to love Him too.

*Tax.* You, without blushing for your Beauty's Pow'r,  
 May force that mighty Warrior to submit;  
 Nor has your Heart just Cause to be alarm'd,  
 If *Asia's* Conqu'ror triumphs over It.  
 But a whole Nation is bound up in Me,

And



And must receive their Fate, as I shall steer;  
And tho' your Counsels try to warp my Soul;  
I, to preserve *their* Freedom, must be Free.  
I know th' Inquietude which this must give you:  
But as You, Sister, love; so I too love.

*Axiane's* bright Eyes, those Foes to Peace,  
Arm all their Shafts against your *Alexander*.  
Queen of each Heart, she leaves no Means untry'd,  
To save that Liberty her Charms destroy;  
Fill'd with Resentment at these foreign Chains,  
She can endure no Tyrants but her Eyes.

Sister, she must be serv'd: Her glorious Anger —

*Cleo.* Will you destroy your self to pleasure Her?  
Do, follow that dear Tyrant's fatal Dictates;  
Serve her, or rather serve your Rival Brother.  
Adorn his Brow with Laurels due to You;

*Axiane* ordains it; fight for *Porus*:  
And, adding to her Pride by your Exploits,  
Secure the Empire of her Heart to Him.

*Tax.* But, Sister, think ye *Porus* —

*Cleo.* — Your self I ask,

Doubt ye *Axiane* does really love him?  
What! see ye not, with how much warmth of Speech  
Ev'n in Your Presence she displays his Valour;  
With her, how brave & ever Others are,  
'Tis only by His Side that Vict'ry flies;  
Your Projects but for him wou'd prove abortive;  
In him the Liberty of *India* rests;  
Our Walls without Him had already tumbled;  
His single Look can conquer *Alexander*.  
She makes a God of that admired Prince;  
And doubt ye that she'll make a Lover of him?

*Tax.* Cruel *Cleophile*, I fain wou'd doubt it.  
Prithee confirm thy Brother in his Error:  
Why paint ye to his Eyes that hated Object?  
Rather assist him to belye his Sight.  
Tell him *Axiane's* a haughty Beauty;  
The same to all the World as to your Brother.  
Sooth with some Hope —

*Cleo.* Hope on then, I consent;  
But from your ineffectual Cares hope nothing.

Why

Why will you in Resistance seek a Conquest,  
 Which *Alexander's* self prepares to yield ye?  
 'Tis not with Him you must dispute the Prize;  
*Porus* is He, that means to rob you of it.  
 Unequal Fame exhausts her Breath, for *Porus*:  
 She blows no Trumpet but for Him alone,  
 As if the other Leaders had no Name,  
 But follow'd to the Battle like his Subjects.  
 Alas! if that vile abject Style delight ye,  
 The *Greeks* and *Persians* point ye out a Master.  
 A hundred Kings, Companions of your Thralldom  
 You'll find; And *Porus* too to close the Train.  
 But *Alexander* meditates Your Freedom,  
 He leaves upon your Brow those Sovereign Marks  
 Which by your haughty Rival are refus'd.  
 The one enslaves you, t'other makes you reign.  
 Instead of being sacrific'd for *Porus*,  
 You will — but see that mighty Rival comes.

*Tax.* Ah! Sister, how my troubled Heart misgives me,  
 And tells me that my Rival is belov'd.

*Cleo.* Adieu: Time presses to declare your Choice:

*Porus's* Slave, or *Alexander's* Friend. [Exit *Cleo.*

Enter *Porus*.

*Por.* My Lord, or I'm deceiv'd, or our proud Foes  
 Will fall far short of their high Aims: Our Chiefs  
 And Soldiers, burning with 'mpatience, wear  
 A masculine Assurance on their Brow;  
 They urge each other, and our youngest Warriors  
 Make sure account of plenteous Crops of Laurels.  
 I saw from Rank to Rank this Ardor spread,  
 And rend with gen'rous Shouts the yielding Air:  
 They murmur that instead of glorious Action  
 The sloth of an Incampment wastes their Vigour.  
 And shall we let such daring Spirits languish?  
 Our Enemy begins to practise Art,  
 He finds himself grown weak, and therefore tries  
 To turn the threatening Storm: *Hephestion's* sent  
 With vain Discourse to amuse us —

*Tax.* We must hear him,

My Lord: We know not *Alexander's* drift.  
 Perhaps 'tis Peace he's willing to present us.

*Por.*

*Por.* Peace! wou'dst thou then accept it from His Hand?  
 Shall we behold him in his wasteful Travel,  
 Trouble the happy Calm our Realms enjoy'd,  
 And entring our Domains with Sword in Hand,  
 Discharge his Rage on Kings who never wrong'd him?  
 Shall we behold him plundering Provinces,  
 Swelling our Rivers with our Subjects Blood,  
 And when Heav'n seems to give him up to Justice,  
 Wait 'till the Tyrant deigns to give us Pardon?

*Tax.* Say not, my Lord, that Heav'n abandons him.  
 With equal Care its Favour still furrounds him:  
 A King who makes so many Nations tremble,  
 Is not a Foe to be despis'd by Kings.

*Por.* Far from despising, I admire his Courage,  
 And render lawful Homage to his Valour.  
 But in my turn am willing to deserve  
 The Tribute which I'm forc'd to pay his Virtues,  
 Do, raise this *Alexander* to the Sky;  
 But if I can, my Lord, I'll pull him thence;  
 Yes I'll attack him on the very Altars  
 Erected to him by the trembling World.  
 Thus *Alexander's* self esteem'd those Princes  
 Whose Realms he conquer'd; had he tim'rous seem'd,  
*Darius* dying, ne'er had own'd a Master.

*Tax* Had that o'erweening Prince but known Himself,  
 He still had reign'd where now another reigns.  
 Besides, that Pride which caus'd his Overthrow,  
 Had Grounds to plead which your Contempt has not.  
 Then, *Alexander's* Valour scarce was known:  
 The brooding Thunder had not burst its Cloud.  
 In a dead Calm *Darius* dozing lay,  
 But soon he wak'd, and with Amazement saw,  
 Like a vain Dream, his mighty Pow'r forsake him,  
 Thrown to the Earth by a victorious Arm,  
 The darted Bolts, in falling, op'd his Eyes.

*Por.* But at what Price does *Alexander*, think ye,  
 Offer this Peace this base, ensnaring Peace?  
 A hundred different Nations can inform ye,  
 (Thrown into Chains by that fallacious Peace.)  
 Let us not cheat our selves with flattering Hopes;  
 His Friendship still brings Slavery in its Rear.

In

In vain you think t'obey him but by Halves;  
You must resolve to be his Slave or Foe.

*Tax.* Without being either Cowards, or Fool-hardy,  
We may with some vain Homage sooth his Pride;  
His hot Ambition soon will call him from us:  
'Tis but a Torrent that will soon pass off  
If let alone, but if resisted swells

And bears away the Ship-wreckt Mounds that stopt it.  
Then let us not encounter with his Anger,  
But to his Passage give a smooth Reception,  
And, yielding up what we shall soon regain,  
Render him Duties that will cost us nothing.

*Por.* Nothing, my Lord! dare ye to think it Nothing?  
Shall I the Loss of Glory count as Nothing?  
Yours and My Kingdom wou'd be dearly purchas'd,  
If they cost *Porus* the most trivial Meanness.  
But do ye think a Prince so flusht with Fortune  
Will leave no Traces of his Passage Here?  
How many Kings, split on this fatal Rock,  
Hold a dependent Tenure from his Will?  
Our Crowns, the moment they became his Conquest,  
Wou'd sit precarious on our Heads: Our Scepters  
At his least Frown wou'd drop from out our Hands.  
No longer tell me that his Course is transient;  
He never yet left any Prince his Freedom,  
And still to chain the Nations faster to him,  
He often seeks 'em Kings amid the Dust.  
But little am I toucht with these vile Cares:  
Your Interest alone inspires this Language;  
*Porus* is unconcern'd in this whole Talk;  
When Glory speaks, he's deaf to all things else.

*Tax.* My Lord, like you, to Honour's Call I listen;  
But Honour dictates to preserve my Kingdom.

*Por.* If you wou'd save your Honour and your Kingdom,  
Prevent the Foe, and march with Me against him.

*Tax.* Contempt and Rashness are unfaithful Guides.

*Por.* Shame treads upon the Heels of tim'rous Souls.

*Tax.* Subjects love Kings that know to spare their Blood.

*Por.* They more esteem those who know how to reign.

*Tax.* None but proud Spirits will approve such Counsels.

*Por.* Kings will approve them: So perhaps will Queens.

*Tax.*



*Tax.* The Queen, you think, has Eyes for none but You.

*Por.* This I well know, a Slave is her Abhorrence.

*Tax.* Your Haughtiness, my Lord, accords with hers.

*Por.* Glory I love: And Glory's what she's fond of.

*Tax.* You've won her Heart.

*Por.* At least I will prevent

A Foreign Hand from bearing it away.

*Tax.* But do ye think a Lover ought t' expose

His Mistress and her People, with Himself?

No, no, no longer be deceiv'd, but own

'Tis not by Love you're guided, but by Hate.

*Por.* Well; since I must confess it, my just Anger

Desires a War as much as You do Peace.

I own, that, burning with a noble Heat,

I want t' encounter this same *Alexander*;

My Soul, uneasy at his high Atchievements,

Has long expected this most welcome Day.

Long e'er he sought me out, my Emulation

Had render'd me his Enemy in Secret.

I griev'd to see him taken up in *Asia*;

So strongly did my Wishes urge his Presence,

That I ev'n grudg'd the *Persians* that good Fortune:

And shou'd he now elude my ardent Longings;

Shou'd he to leave this Country seek a Passage,

You shou'd behold me, arm'd, arrest his March,

Refusing Him the Peace he offers You.

*Tax.* Doubtless, so high, so resolute a Spirit,

Merits in History a shining Place.

And shou'd ye fall beneath this great Design,

You'll bravely fall. The Queen draws near. Adieu.

Cry up your Zeal, and let her see your Pride,

The thing which you believe deserves her Love.

I shou'd disturb your noble Conversation:

Your Hearts wou'd scorn the Weaknesses of mine. [Exit.

Enter Axiane.

*Ax.* Does *Taxiles* avoid me? What's the Reason?

*Por.* He's in the right to hide from You his Shame:

And since he fears t' expose himself to Danger,

With what a Front can he sustain Your Looks?

But, Madam, let us quit so mean a Subject,

And since he's bent on Slav'ry, let him go,

And

And with his Sister worship *Alexander*.  
 Let's leave a Camp in which, with Incense ready,  
 The loyal *Taxiles* expects his Sovereign.

*Ax.* But, Sir, what says he?

*Por.* He too plainly speaks.

The Slave already boasts of his new Master,  
 And fain wou'd have me serve him —

*Ax.* Be You patient,

And leave the Care of staying Him, to Me:  
 His Sighs, tho' unencourag'd on my part,  
 Declare that I'm the Object of his Love.  
 Be that or so or not, I'll talk with him;  
 We must not by this harsh Disdain compel him  
 To finish a Design he mayn't ha' form'd.

*Por.* Do ye then doubt it? Can you acquiesce  
 Upon a faithless, abject, perjur'd Lover,  
 Who, to his Tyrant, means to give ye up,  
 In hopes to re-obtain ye from his Hand?  
 Go to, assist him to betray Your self;  
 From my fond Eyes your Person he may tear,  
 But he can ne'er deprive me of the Glory  
 Of Fighting in Your Cause, and Dying for Ye.

*Ax.* Think ye, my Lord, that after such Disloyalty  
 My Hand shall be his broken Faith's Reward?  
 Think ye that I can fix my Friendship There,  
 Or yield to be bestow'd upon a Traytor?  
 Can ye, without a Blush, say this of Me?  
 Was I e'er known t'esteem that Prince so much?  
 Think ye, my Lord were I to make a Choice  
 'Twixt You and *Taxiles*, I long shou'd doubt?  
 Do I not know his Soul unsteady, wavering;  
 That Love retains him while Fear calls him on?  
 Do I not know that his irresolute Heart,  
 Wou'd, but for Me, soon gorge his Sister's Bait,  
 This *Alexander* took that Princess Captive,  
 And Now She to her Brother is return'd;  
 But I soon found the Embassy she came on,  
 To catch him in the Net her self was fal'n in.

*Por.* How can ye then with Patience bear her Presence?  
 Why quit ye not so criminal a Converse?  
 Why are ye so sollicitous to spare

A Prince—

*Ax.* 'Tis for your sake that I would gain him.  
 Shall I see You, charg'd with our Kingdom's weight;  
 March out alone against so great a Conqueror?  
 In *Taxiles* I'd get ye an Assistant:  
 Why have ye not for Me the same Complacence?  
 But with such vulgar Cares your Soul's untoucht:  
 So ye fall Nobly, you desire no more.  
 Unmov'd at what your Death may be the Cause of,  
 You give Me up without or Aid or Refuge,  
 To *Alexander's* Wrath, to *Taxiles' Love*;  
 He soon would treat me as a haughty Victor,  
 And, to reward your Death, demand my Heart.  
 Well, go, my Lord: Content your Inclinations:  
 Go to the Fight: Forget to guard your Life:  
 Forget that Heav'n, propitious to your Wishes,  
 Perhaps prepar'd your Love a gentler Fate:  
 Perhaps *Axiane*, at length relenting,  
 Design'd.—But, no, my Lord, run to your Army:  
 I find I keep ye here against your Will. *[Is going.]*

*Por.* Ah, Madam, stay; and see how much I love:  
 Order my Destiny, command my Soul:  
 Glory, I own, has great Dominion o'er it;  
 But what's impossible to such bright Charms!  
 I shall not say with what intrepid Courage  
 Your Men and Mine were going to the Battle,  
 Nor how great Joy it would ha' been to *Porus*  
 Alone to triumph in his Rival's Sight.  
 No, I am silent: Speak: You are my Queen.  
 I lay my Hate and Glory at your Feet.

*Ax.* Be not afraid: The Heart that thus obeys me,  
 Is not depos'd in Hands that can betray it.  
 No, I'm too Jealous of his Fame, to stop  
 A Heroe, who is posting on to Vict'ry.  
 No, fly to meet the proud insulting Foe,  
 But keep with your Allies, and sooth their Humours.  
 Be it my Care to work on *Taxiles*.  
 Shew in his Favour Sentiments more mild;  
 And I'll go try t'ingage him on our Side.

*Por.* Well, Madam, Go: With Pleasure I consent.  
 Since we must see *Hephestion*, let us see him.

But still in hopes of following close his Heels,  
First I expect *Hephestion*, then the Battle.

## A C T II.

*Enter Cleophile and Hephestion.*

*Hep.* **Y**ES, whilst your Kings deliberate in Council,  
And ballance in their Breasts what Choice to make,  
Permit me, Madam to discourse at large  
The secret Reasons which have brought me hither.  
Entrusted with my Master's glorious Flame,  
Let me unfold it to the Eyes that caus'd it,  
And for that Heroe beg at Your fair Hands,  
What he so freely offers to Your Kings,  
Peace and Repose : This, Madam, is my Errand.  
After so many Sighs, what must he wait for?  
Your Brother has consented, why delay ye?  
Must he for ever fear a harsh Refusal?  
Say, Madam, must he lay beneath your Feet  
The yet unconquer'd Remnant of the Globe?  
Must he give Peace? Or must he War pursue?  
Pronounce. My Master will leave nought untry'd  
To make ye His by Merit or by Conquest.

*Cleo* May I believe a Prince, at Glory's Height,  
Still keeps the Mem'ry of my weak Attractives?  
That he who carries Terror in his Train  
Can so debase himself to sigh for *me*?  
Captives like him do soon knock off their Fetters;  
Glory compels Their Souls to higher Aims;  
And Love, with Them, disturb'd and interrupted,  
Is soon o'er-whelm'd beneath a load of Laurels.  
Whilst yet that Heroe held me as his Pris'ner,  
I might perhaps have slightly toucht his Heart:  
But when he to *my* Liberty restor'd me,  
'Tis just to think that he resum'd his own.

*Hep.* O had ye seen him, burning with Impatience,  
Count o'er the dismal Days of your long Absence,  
You would ha'known, that, hurry'd on by Love,  
He fought for none but You in all his Battles:

'Tis



'Tis for your sake th' affrighted Provinces  
 Have felt th' Effects of his impetuous Course,  
 Which broke thro' all that stopt his Passage t'ye.  
 Your Standards wave in the same Field with ours;  
 The Camp's so near, one View discovers both:  
 Yet after all this Toil the tim'rous Conqueror  
 Fears he is still far distant from your Heart.  
 What boots it him to run from Clime to Clime,  
 If still the Entrance to your Heart is shut?  
 If still you frame new Doubts about his Love?  
 If with a thousand Diffidences arm'd —

*Cleo.* Alas! such Doubtings are but weak Defences:  
 We always doubt that most which most we wish.  
 Yes, since that Heroe needs will know my Heart,  
 With Joy I hear the Story of his Passion;  
 I fear'd lest Time e'er now had stopt its Course.  
 I'm pleas'd he loves, and may he ever love!  
 Nay more: When he, resistless, forc'd our Frontier,  
 And within *Omphis*' Walls made me his Pris'ner,  
 My Heart, which saw him Master of the World,  
 Consol'd it self in that *His* Chains I wore;  
 Far from complaining at the Change of Fortune  
 I took a sweet Acquaintance with my Fate,  
 And, losing the Remembrance of my Freedom,  
 I fear'd t'obtain it, even when I ask'd it.  
 Judge whether I'm o'er-joy'd at his Return.  
 But must I see him cover'd o'er with Blood?  
 Comes he before us in a Hostile way?  
 And does he seek me only to torment me?

*Hep.* No, Madam, by your pow'rful Charms subdu'd,  
 He now suspends the Terror of his Arms.  
 He offers, to th'unthinking Kings, a Peace,  
 And stops the Hand that would e'er now ha' crush't 'em.  
 He fears lest Victory should go too far,  
 And reach a Blow on *Taxiles*'s Head.  
 His Courage, at your just Alarms concern'd,  
 Would grieve to wet his Laurels with your Tears.  
 Assist then, Madam, his Pursuits of Peace,  
 Exempt him from so undesir'd a Conquest,  
 Prevail on those whose Ruin he would spare,  
 T'accept a Good they owe to nought but Love.

*Cleo.* Doubt not of that, my Lord : My troubled Soul  
 Is agitated with incessant Fears :  
 I tremble for my Brother, dread his Fate,  
 Fear lest his Blood should stain so dear a Foe :  
 But I in vain oppose his boiling Passion ;  
*Axiane* and *Porus* fill his Soul ;  
 A Queen's Attractions, and a King's Example,  
 When I begin to speak, rise up against me.  
 What have I not to dread in such a Plunge !  
 I fear for Him ; and ev'n for *Alexander* :  
 I know a hundred Kings who sought to oppose him  
 Have split upon that Rock, and been undone :  
 I know his Deeds : But I know *Porus* too.  
 Our Nations, who have under his Command,  
 Repuls'd the *Scythian* and the *Persian* Force,  
 Made proud with Laurels which to him they owe,  
 Like him will Conquer, or will fall reveng'd.  
 I fear —

*Hep.* Shake off so vain an Apprehension :  
 Leave *Porus* to the Destiny that waits him :  
 Let *India* in his Cause arm all her Nations,  
 So *Taxiles* but turn his Steps from Ruin.  
 But here they come.

*Cleo.* My Lord, compleat your Work ;  
 By your sage Counsels dissipate this Storm :  
 Or if it must break out, at least remember,  
 To make it fall on other Heads than ours.

[Exit Cleo.]

Enter *Porus* and *Taxiles*.

*Hep.* Before the Battle, which approaches, puts  
 Your Kingdoms in the Number of our Conquests ;  
 My Master graciously is pleas'd to hold  
 His conqu'ring Hand, and once more offer Peace.  
 Your People, with fallacious Hopes abus'd,  
 Thought to ha' stop'd the Conqueror of *Euphrates* ;  
 But spite of all your crowding Troops, th' *Hydaspes*  
 At length, beholds our Standards on its Banks :  
 E'er now they had been planted in your Trenches,  
 And your wide Plains heap'd up with Piles of Dead,  
 Had not that Heroe checkt his Soldiers Fury.  
 He comes not here to shed the Blood of Princes,  
 And fright their Subjects with a barb'rous Triumph :

He

He would not shine with such a mournful Splendor,  
 Nor build his Greatness on the Tombs of Kings.  
 But do not You, with vain Presumption spurr'd,  
 Rouze his Resentment, and provoke the Storm.  
 Now whilst his hovering Arm still hangs in Air,  
 Content your selves with standing out thus long.  
 Do not delay to render him that Homage  
 Which in your Hearts, spite of your selves, you give him.  
 Accepting the Support his Arm presents ye,  
 Be proud of such a Friend, and such a Patron.

This, *Alexander's* pleas'd to let you know;  
 Ready to quit or to resume the Sword.  
 You've heard his Purpose. Now declare your Choice:  
 Or to lose All, or under him to hold it.

*Tax.* My Lord, believe not that a barb'rous Hatred  
 Hoodwinks our Eyes to Virtue so transcendent,  
 And that our People, rooted in their Pride,  
 Pretend in your Despight to be your Foes.  
 We render what is due to shining Merit:  
 You worship Gods who owe to Us their Temples.  
 Heroes who pass'd for Mortals among You.  
 Have met with Altars when they came to Us.  
 But never will so brave a People turn,  
 From being Adorers, to be abject Slaves:  
 Believe me, be they ne'er so struck with Fame,  
 They'll not give Incense that is sought by Force.  
 Kingdoms enow, the Purchase of your Swords,  
 Have seen their Monarchs bow beneath your Yoke.  
 After so many States by You reduc'd,  
 Is it not time, my Lord, You searcht for Friends?  
 The Captive Crowds whom *Alexander* awes,  
 Do ill support a Pow'r but just begun.  
 They only watch a time to gain their Freedom;  
 Your Empire's full of nought but cover'd Foes.  
 In Secret they bemoan their Crown-less Kings.  
 Your Chains, too far stretcht out, relax themselves.  
 The *Scythians*, in their Hearts already mutinous,  
 Attempt to break the gyves you mean for Us.  
 Go to: Accept our Friendship's Pledge, and try  
 Th' Effects of Faith by no set Oath engag'd.  
 One Nation leave at least, that may, unforc'd,

Applaud the Greatness of your noble Deeds.  
 I on these Terms embrace your Master's Friendship:  
 I wait his Coming, as a King should wait  
 A Heroe, who in Honour's Traces treads,  
 And who may Rule my Heart, but not my Kingdom.

*Por.* When the *Hydaspes*, calling all its Bord'ers,  
 Sent forth its Princes to defend its Banks,  
 I thought that in this glorious Undertaking,  
 None were engag'd but Enemies to Tyrants.  
 But since a King crouching to him that braves us,  
 Sollicites to be one of his Allies,  
 'Tis I must satisfy my Country's Wishes,  
 And speak for those whom *Taxiles* betrays.

What wants the King your Master in these Regions?  
 And what's the mighty Aid he's pleas'd to grant us?  
 What means he by presuming to protect  
 Nations, who have no Enemy but Him?  
 Before his Fury made Mankind uneasy,  
*India* enjoy'd a pleasing calm Repose,  
 Or if some Neighbour troubled its Serenity;  
 It self supply'd sufficient good Defenders.  
 Why are we invaded? by what barbarous Act  
 Have we stirr'd up the Madness of your Master?  
 Were we e'er seen to threaten *his* Dominions?  
 Or lay a Country waste we knew nought of?  
 Could not so many Kingdoms Desarts, Rivers,  
 Be Barriers strong enough 'twixt Him and Us?  
 An Inmate of the World's remotest End  
 Might, one would think, be free from this Disturber:  
 Unheard-of Ardor, which, in love with Mischief,  
 No sooner's lit, but burns up all around:  
 Whose only Rule or Reason is its Pride,  
 Which would to one great Prison turn the World,  
 And, tyrannizing o'er the spacious Globe,  
 Covets as many Slaves as there are Men.  
 Kingdoms nor Kings no longer must subsist:  
 Under one Yoke he ranges all Mankind.  
 I know his rav'nous Pride devours Us too.  
 We are the only Sovereigns that are left.  
 Why said I, *We*? My self alone, the Man  
 In whom remain the Footsteps of a King.

But



But 'tis a noble Subject for my Courage.  
 I'm glad to see the human Race enslav'd,  
 That, if they're freed, *Porus's* Hand may free them,  
 And all may say, *The mighty Alexander*  
*Had made the truckling Universe submit,*  
*But at the utmost end of it he found*  
*A King by whom the World regain'd its Freedom.*

Hep. Your Project marks at least a valiant Mind—  
 But it is Now too late t'oppose the Storm.  
 If *Porus* is the tottering World's sole Prop,  
 I pity It, and pity *Porus* too:

I stay ye not. Go, march against my Master.

I only wish that you had better known him,

And Fame had only in Compassion told ye

But half of his Exploits; You then shou'd see——

Por. What shou'd I see? Or what cou'd I be told,  
 Wou'd set me so much lower than your Master?

O I forget: The *Persians* tamely beaten.

Where was the Glory to subdue a King

Already by Effeminacy conquer'd,

A Nation void of Vigour, almost lifeless,

Groaning beneath the Gold with which 'twas arm'd;

Instead of Fighting, falling down in Heaps,

And setting their dead Troops against your live ones:

The others dazl'd at his least Performance,

Came on their Knees to supplicate for Laws,

Frighten'd with Tales of Oracles, they thought

A God cou'd never meet with Opposition.

But We, who look with other Eyes on Conqu'rors,

Know that the Gods are far from being Tyrants;

And whate'er Title Slaves may give their Idol,

The Son of *Jove* with Us is but a Man.

We go not to perfume his Way with Flow'rs:

He finds Us every where with Sword in Hand.

At every Step he sees his Conquests stay'd.

A single Rock here costs him more Fatigue

More Lives, more Onsets, than the *Persian* Empire:

Hating the Ease which caus'd those Wretches Ruin,

The Gold which paves our Steps don't spoil our Souls.

Glory's the only Good has Charms for Us,

That the sole Object *Porus* keeps in sight,

'Tis That —

*Hep. Rising* ] That too is what my Master seeks.  
His Heart dildains to flye at lesser Game.  
'Tis that which tore him from his own Dominions,  
And to the Throne of *Cyrus* urg'd his Steps,  
U g'd him to break the strongest Empire's Columns,  
To fight for Crowns, to win them, and bestow them.  
And since your Contumacy dares deny him  
The Glory of the Pardon he presents ye,  
This Day, Your self, the Witness of his Vict'ry,  
Shall see the warmth with which he fights for Glory:  
Forthwith, with Sword in Hand, you'll see his March.

[*Exit Hep.*

*Por.* Go too: I'll wait him; nay, I'll seek him out.

*Tax.* Will you then, giving way to your Impatience—

*Por.* No, I intend not to disturb your Friendship.

*Hephestion* anger'd solely against *Porus*,

Will let his Master know of Your Submissions.

The Legions of *Axiane* are rang'd

Beneath my Banners, and expect the Battel;

I will maintain the Splendor of both Thrones:

And You, my Lord, shall sit the Judge o'th' Combat:

Unless, excited by a glorious Zeal,

You join with your new Friends.

*Enter Axiane.*

*Ax.* What's this I'm told!

[*To Tax.*

Our Enemies count You among their Friends:

And loudly boast a certain King's Respects—

*Tax.* We shou'd not presently believe an Enemy:

A little time will make 'em know me better.

*Ax.* My Lord, disprove then this injurious Rumour;

Confound the Insolence of those who spread it.

Like *Porus* go and force them to be silent:

And let 'em by a just Resentment see

They have no Foe more mischievous than You.

*Tax.* Madam, I'll go and draw my Army out.

Be not so soon alarm'd at such Reports.

*Porus*, his Duty does; and I'll do mine.

[*Exit Tax.*

*Ax.* Coward! this Coldness is no Sign you'll do it:

You tread not like a King that runs to Vict'ry.

We can no longer doubt it: We're betray'd,

His

His Sister supercedes his Fame, his Country:  
He keeps his Hatred private to Himself  
Until the Fight begins, and then he'll shew it.  
O Gods!

*Por.* His Change deprives me of an Aid  
I always knew too well to build upon.  
I, unconcern'd, have seen his Fickleness:  
And did much more his faint Resistance fear:  
A Traytor, leaving Us to please his Sister,  
Less Weakens us than does a cold Defender.

*Ax.* But pray, my Lord, what is't you Undertake?  
Without confid'ring *Alexander's* Forces,  
You run, almost alone, to meet their Swords,  
And fight their num'rous Army, by your self.

*Por.* What! wou'd ye have me, like a tim'rous Traytor,  
Conspire to set a Master o'er ye, Madam?  
Shall *Porus* in his Camp be seiz'd, unactive,  
Or when the Trumpet calls to War, decline it?  
I know you wou'd not have me be so base:  
Glory, I know, burns stronger in your Bosom.  
'Twas You whose pow'rful Charms (I well remember)  
Excited all our Kings, pusht them to War:  
You with a noble Pride reserv'd your Hand  
For Him alone that conquer'd *Alexander*.  
Conquer we must: I flie to't: Not to shun  
The Name of Captive, but to merit it.  
Inflam'd by your bright Eyes, my Soul's resolv'd  
Dead or Victorious to deserve your Chain.  
And since it wou'd be vain to pour forth Sighs  
To one who has no Sense of ought but Glory,  
I'll go, and by the Splendor, won by Conquest,  
Fix Glory so inseparate from my Person  
That I perhaps at length may lead your Heart  
From Glory's Love, to love the Conqueror.

*Ax.* Well, my Lord, go then. *Taxiles* perhaps  
Has Subjects in his Camp more brave than He.  
I'll make a last Effort to stir 'em up.  
Then to your Camp I'll go, and wait your Fate.  
Inquire not further how my Heart's inclin'd.  
Triumph and Live.

D's

*Por.*

*Por.* Why, Madam, d'ye delay?  
 Why may I not this Instant be inform'd,  
 Whether my Sighs have made your Heart less hard?  
 Wou'd ye, (for Fate, Divine *Axiane*,  
 Perhaps condemns me ne'er to see ye more)  
 Wou'd ye that an unhappy Prince expiring,  
 Shou'd be still unacquainted with the Glory  
 That was design'd him? Speak.

*Ax.* What shall I say?

*Por.* Ah! if you felt some little Weakness for me,  
 Your Heart, which testifies so much Esteem,  
 Might flatter me with some small Hopes of Love.  
 Can ye with all these Sighs be yet unmov'd?  
 Can ye——

*Ax.* Go: March against this *Alexander*.  
 The Victory is Yours, if that fam'd Warrior  
 Defends himself no better than my Heart.

[*Exe.*

## A C T III.

*Enter Axiane and Cleophile.*

*Ax.* **W**HAT! am I here to be debarr'd my Freedom?  
 Must I not see my Army march to Battel?  
 Does *Taxiles* on Me begin his Treason,  
 And make a Prison for me, of his Camp?  
 Is this th' obsequious Passion he professes?  
 Does my Adorer make himself my Master?  
 Does his fond Love, grown weary of my Rigour,  
 Enslave my Person, since he can't my Heart?

*Cleo.* Construe more favourably the just Alarms  
 Of one who knows no Conqu'ror but your Beauty:  
 Look with more Goodness, Madam, on the Zeal  
 Which interests my Brother in your Safety.  
 Whilst (all around us) two most potent Armies  
 Both stung with equal Fury, vent their Fierceness,  
 To what Part else cou'd ye have steer'd your Course?  
 What other Place cou'd shield ye from the Tempest?  
Here a full Calm secures ye: All is peaceful——

*Ax.*



*Ax.* And 'tis this Peacefulness that I detest.  
What, when my Subjects fill the Plain with Deaths,  
And bravely for their Queen with *Porus* fight;  
When with their Blood their Loyalty they seal,  
And Cries of dying Warriors pierce ev'n hither,  
Must I be told of Peace? And must the Camp  
Of *Taxiles* alone remain Serene?

Must I be flatter'd with an odious Calm,  
And Spectacles of Joy regale my Eyes?

*Cleo.* But, cou'd ye, Madam, think my Brother's Love,  
Cou'd bear to see expos'd so dear a Person?  
He knows the Hazards——

*Ax.* Therefore to prevent 'em  
That generous Lover makes a Pris'ner of me?  
And whilst his Rival's fighting in my Cause,  
His peaceful Valour guards my Person here?

*Cleo.* How happy's *Porus*! how uneasie t'ye  
Is the the least Absence of that glorious Man!  
Your Anxiousness for Him wou'd almost prompt ye  
To find him out ev'n in the Field of Battel?

*Ax.* I wou'd do more I'd seek him ev'n in Death,  
Lose my Dominions, and unmov'd, see *Alexander*  
Give 'em *Cleophile*, to buy her Heart.

*Cleo.* If you seek *Porus*, why wou'd ye be gone?  
He'll soon be brought, by *Alexander*, hither.  
Permit us to be tender of your Welfare,  
And keep ye safe against your Conqu'ror comes.

*Ax.* You triumph Madam, and your Heart already  
Tow'rs *Alexander* flies, and names him Victor.  
You shou'd not with your Love be too much blinded,  
Perhaps your Pride breaks out before the time.  
Too hastily believing what ye wish,  
You push Affairs too far.——

*Cleo.* My Brother comes:  
He'll quickly set us in right in our Dispute.

*Ax.* Ah my misgiving Heart! That Brow, serene,  
Too plainly tells me *Porus* is defeated.

*Enter Taxiles.*

*Tax.* Madam, if *Porus* had with less Impatience  
Receiv'd the Counsels of a cordial Friend,  
He might have spar'd me the afflicting Task.

Of

Of bearing you the News of his Misfortune.

*Ax.* Is *Porus* —

*Tax* 'Tis too sure. His thoughtless Valour  
Has felt the Mischiefs I so plain foresaw.  
Yet (for my Heart respects his Virtue much,  
Nor cares to Triumph o'er a fallen Rival)  
He bravely, Inch by Inch, gave up the Field,  
And drencht in Blood the Glory of the Foe,  
Nay Victory's self, on his high Deeds intent,  
'Twixt Him and *Alexander* some time waver'd.  
But in the End his Valour grew outrageous,  
And he was hurry'd much too far by Passion.  
I saw his Troops o'erthrown and disarray'd,  
Your Soldiers in disorder, his dispers'd,  
And he himself, forc'd with them in their flight,  
Wish for the Succour he before refus'd.

*Ax.* Refus'd! How's this! does thy base Mind expect  
To be intreated to defend thy Country?

Must ye be drag'd to fight against your Will,  
And made by Force to save your own Dominions?  
Since you want spurring, was not the Example  
Of *Porus* strong enough to prick ye on?  
Cou'd not that Heroe's Danger, nor thy Mistress,  
Nor a whole Nation threaten'd, warm thy Heart?  
Thou serv'st the Master well thy Sister gives thee.  
Go on; do with me as her Hare directs.  
To all the Vanquish'd give the same ill Treatment.  
Thy Mistress with thy Rival lay in Chains.  
The Deed is done. Thy Crime and his Disaster  
Have fix'd that Hero deeply in my Heart.  
I love him, and will, e'er the Day declines,  
At once declare my Hatred and my Love:  
To Him, before thy Face, swear constant Friendship,  
And before his, to Thee immortal Hatred.  
Adieu. Thou know'st me: Love me if thou wilt.

*Tax.* Think not my Vows were ever unsincere;  
You have no Cause to fear or Threats or Chains;  
For *Alexander* knows what's due to Princes,  
Suffer his Goodness to continue t' ye  
A Scepter *Porus* did too rashly venture.  
My self, implicitly, wou'd fight the Hand

That

That impiously presum'd to wrest it from ye.

*Ax.* What! shall my Scepter be a Foe's Donation?  
Upon my rightful Throne shall I be plac'd  
By the same Tyrant that had pull'd me from it?

*Tax.* Monarchs, o'ercome by his victorious Arm,  
Have given way to his kind healing Cares.  
Behold the Wife and Mother of *Darius*,  
One calls him Son, and one a Brother stiles him.

*Ax.* No, no: I know not how to sell my Friendship,  
Careless a Tyrant, and in Pity reign.  
Think'st thou I'm like a feeble *Persian* Dame?  
Think'st thou that *Alexander's* Court shall e'er  
Retain *Axiane*? Think'st thou that I  
Will with my Conqueror trapes o'er all the World,  
And boast throughout the Softness of his Chains?  
If he gives Kingdoms, let him give thee ours.  
Let him adorn thee with the Spoils of others.  
Reign on: Nor I, nor *Porus* will be jealous:  
And thou shalt be ev'n more a Slave than Us.  
I hope that *Alexander*, fond of Glory,  
And vex'd his Vict'ry by thy Crime was fully'd,  
Will wash it in thy Blood. Traytors like thee  
Are often punish't, tho' the Treason's lik'd.  
Whatever Favours he may blind your Eyes with,  
Think on the Recompence of Faithless *Bessus*. [*Exit Ax.*]  
*Cleo.* Brother, give way to this outrageous Transport.  
With Time and *Alexander*, You'll prevail.  
Her Rage, whatever outward Shew she makes,  
Can ne'er withstand the Offer of a Kingdom.  
Command her Fate, her Heart will soon be Yours.  
But tell me, have your Eyes beheld the Conqueror?  
What Treatment, Brother, does he seem to promise?  
What said he?

*Tax.* Yes, I've seen your *Alexander*.  
At first the youthful Lustre of his Features  
Seem'd to bely the number of his Deeds.  
Fill'd with his Name, I could not, I confess,  
Make so much Glory with such Youth accord.  
But the Heroic Firmness of his Brow,  
The Fire of his Regards, his high Deportment  
Shew *Alexander*. And indeed his Visage,

Bears

Bears the unerring Symptoms of his Greatness;  
His stately Presence, seconding his Projects,  
Does, like his Sword, in all Parts win him Subjects:  
He was departing from the Field. Methought,  
Effulgent Vict'ry lighten'd in his Eyes.

Yet seeing Me, he strait lay'd down his Fierceness,  
And shew'd his Condescension in its turn.

I saw his Tenderness, thro' all his Transports.

*Return, says he, prepare my charming Princess*

*Again to see a Conqueror who comes*

*To lay his Heart and Conquest at her Feet.*

He'll presently be here. I've nought to say:

I leave ye wholly Mistress of Your Fate,

And put into your Hands the Care of Mine!

*Cleo.* If I have any Influence o'er the Conqueror,  
All Opposition shall fall down before ye.

*Tax.* I hear a treading. It is doubtless, He.

*Enter Alexander, and Hephestion. Alexander's Train.*

*Alex. to Hep.] Hephestion, go, let Porus be found out:*  
Give him his Life, and let the Slaughter cease. [*Exit Hep.*

*Alex. to Tax.] Is it then true, that a misguided Princess*  
Prefers to You a hot unthinking King?

But fear not him, my Lord: His Kingdom's Yours.

Try at that Price to bend th' ungrateful Woman.

King of two States, and Arbitrator of hers,

Go now and offer her three Diadems. [*vours---*

*Tax.* Ah! 'tis too much, my Lord; your crowding Fa-

*Alex.* You may at leisure thank me for my Cares.

Delay not, but where Love directs ye, go:

And Crown your Passion with so fair a Palm. [*Exit Tax.*

*Alex. To Cle.] Madam, I promise to support his Love:*  
But may I for my own conceive no Hopes?

When I on Him so prodigally pour

The Fruits of Vict'ry, must my self have none?

Disposing Scepters, Madam, as you please,

Crowning my Friends with my own proper Lawrels,

Heaping on Them the Goods my Arm acquir'd,

Shew that I languish after other Conquests.

I promis'd You that my Victorious Sword

Shou'd bring me soon near your enchanting Person,

But, at the same time, Madam, I remember,

You



You promis'd Me some Place in your Affection.  
 Behold me Here: For Love himself fought for me,  
 And Victory has disengag'd my Word.  
 All round ye yield: 'Tis time You did so too.  
 You promis'd it, then will ye still hold out?  
 And shall your Heart be the sole thing that 'scapes  
 A Conqueror's Zeal, who seeks for nothing else?

*Cleo.* No, Sir, that Heart pretends not to continue  
 The only thing invincible to *Alexander*.  
 I render what I owe to that bright Virtue  
 Which holds enslav'd a hundred crouching Nations.  
 Taming the *Indians* is your least Performance.  
 You strike the boldest Courages with Fear:  
 And, when you please, your Goodness, in its turn,  
 Inspires with Love the most obdurate Hearts.  
 But yet, my Lord, these Victories, that Lustre,  
 Those Charms, do often fill my Soul with Dread.  
 I fear, lest You, contented with your Conquest,  
 Will leave me, to be prey'd upon by Grief;  
 And un-affected by the Warmth you caus'd,  
 Will scorn a Victory that came so cheap.  
 But little Love is found in such a Heroe:  
 Glory ingrosses all Your Thoughts, my Lord:  
 Perhaps ev'n now that your great Heart is fighting,  
 The Glory of my Conquest's all your wish for.

*Alex.* How ill you know the Violence of my Love!  
 I know there was a time when Fame alone  
 Had all my Heart. Kings and their People then  
 Were all I thought fit Objects of Pursuit.  
 The *Asiatic* Beauties I surmounted,  
 With the same Ease as I their Kings subdu'd.  
 Arm'd with a proud Disdain against their Shafts,  
 I paid not the least Homage to their Charms.  
 Fond of Renown, and every where unconquer'd,  
 My Heart plac'd all its Happiness in Freedom.  
 But now alas! what different Effects  
 Have your bright Eyes, those lovely Tyrants, wrought!  
 The Title of the Conqueror of the World,  
 Is now no longer what my Heart desires:  
 With pleasure it confesses its Defeat,  
 And all it Wishes is to make you know it.

Why

Why will ye still be doubtful of your Conquest?  
 Why do ye still upbraid me with my Glory?  
 As if the glorious Bonds in which you hold me,  
 Could retain none but vulgar grov'ling Spirits.  
 I'll go and soon evince, by new Achievements,  
 The Pow'r of Love o'er *Alexander's* Heart.  
 Now that my Sword, beneath your Laws engag'd,  
 Must celebrate at once Your Name and Mine,  
 I'll go and render miserably famous  
 Nations 'till now unknown to all the Earth;  
 And Altars shall be rear'd to You, by People  
 Whose Savage Hands refuse 'em to the Gods.

*Cleo.* Victory, my Lord, I know you'll carry with ye:  
 But Love will never follow you so far.  
 So many Seas and intervening Kingdoms  
 Will quickly blot my Mem'ry from your Heart.  
 When the rough Ocean sees Ye Plow his Bosom,  
 To make compleat the Conquest of the World;  
 When you shall see Kings prostrate at your Feet,  
 And the adoring Earth be hush before ye,  
 Will ye then think that there's a Youthful Princess,  
 Without Cessation pining for your Absence,  
 Re-calling in her Mind the happy Moments  
 When that Great Man assur'd her of his Love?

*Alex.* Believe ye then that, barb'rous to my self,  
 I can desert so exquisite a Beauty?  
 Rather, will You renounce the Throne of *Asia*,  
 On which I meant to place ye?

*Cleo.* O, my Lord,  
 You know I much depend upon my Brother.

*Alex.* If what I Sigh for is in his Dispose,  
*India's* whole Empire, to his Sway subjected,  
 Shou'd soon sollicit, in my Cause, his Suffrage.

*Cleo.* My Friendship for him seeks not Acquisitions:  
 Do but appease an irritated Queen,  
 Let not a Rival rob him of his Hopes  
 For having only dar'd You to the Combat.

*Alex.* *Perus* was certainly a gallant Rival;  
 Never such Valour challeng'd my Esteem.  
 I, where the War rag'd most, beheld him; joyn'd him:  
 And I must own he try'd not to avoid me:

We hunted out each other. Such a Fellness  
Wou'd soon ha' giv'n a Period to our Quarrel,  
But that the Soldiers pouring in between  
Made us mispend our Blows upon the Croud.

*Enter Hephestion.*

*Alex.* What! are they bringing in that hot-brain'd Prince?

*Hep.* He's fought throughout. But hitherto, my Lord,  
His Flight or Death conceal that Captive from us.  
But, a small Party of his Men surrounded  
As they were flying, by their Look seem bent  
To stand it out, and dearly sell their Lives.

*Alex.* Do not enrage the Vanquish'd, but disarm them.  
Madam, I'll go and bend this stubborn Princess,  
That *Taxiles* may aid me in My Suit:  
And since my Ease of Mind depends on His,  
I'll fix his Happiness to build my own. [Exe.

A C T IV.

*Enter Axiane alone.*

WILL nothing e'er be heard but Shouts of Conquest,  
Grating my Ears with *Alexander's* Glory?  
And may I not at least have leave to hold  
A private Conversation with my Grief?  
Pursu'd and haunted by the Man I hate,  
They mean to tye me to the Oar of Life,  
Spite of my self. But, *Porus*, don't believe  
Thy Steps shall be untrodden long by Me.  
Doubtless thy Heart could not survive our Ills:  
In vain so many Warriors arm to seek thee,  
Wert thou alive thy Actions would betray thee.  
Alas! in parting, thy redoubled Ardor  
Seem'd to foretel this Blow of adverse Fortune,  
When thy fond Eyes, speaking to mine thy Passion,  
Askt me what Rank thou heldst in my Esteem;  
When mindless of the War's Event, thy Soul  
Was fill'd with anxious Cares about thy Love.  
Ah! why did I with so much Art conceal  
A Secret, so destructive to thy Peace?

How

How oft o'ercome by thy prevailing Merit,  
 Have I been ready to unlock my Tongue?  
 How oft have Sighs broke from me in thy Presence?  
 But still I would not think 'twas Love I felt:  
 In Glory's Favour all my Sighs I constru'd,  
 And thought 'twas that alone had touch'd my Heart.  
 Forgive me, O thou greatest best of Kings,  
 Now, now I find 'twas nought but Thee I lov'd.  
 Glory I own had some Dominion o'er me,  
 Oft have I told thee so: But why alas  
 Did I not tell thee that 'twas thou alone,  
 Made me her Slave: In seeing thy Exploits  
 I learnt to know her, and, tho' full of Charms,  
 In any other Man she less had charm'd.  
 But to what purpose now are all these Sighs  
 Which lose themselves in Air, and thou ne'er hearst!  
 My Soul e'er this should have resign'd the Light,  
 And in the Grave have sworn to thine that Friendship  
 Which thou so long hast waited for: E'er this  
 I should, in witness of my Faith, have shewn  
 I could not live a Moment after thee.  
 Thinkst thou I'll live beneath the Laws of one  
 Who by thy Death has gain'd the Mast'ry of us?  
 I hear he now is coming to discourse me,  
 And by restoring me my Scepter, means  
 To give me Comfort: He perhaps believes,  
 By that false Mildness to subdue my Hate.  
 But he shall see me, after thy Example,  
 Die like a Queen as Thou didst like a King.

*Enter Alexander.*

So then, my Lord, you take the Barb'rous Pleasure  
 Of looking on the Tears your Arms have caus'd!  
 Or do ye grudge me, in the State I'm in,  
 The woeful Liberty of Grieving.

*Alex.* Madam,

Your Grief is no less free than it is just.  
 You mourn a gallant Prince. I was his Foe,  
 But not so far as to forbid the Tears  
 Giv'n to his Death. I knew him well, by Fame,  
 Before the *Indus* saw me on its Banks.

Amongst



Amongst the greatest Kings he shone distinguisht.  
I knew——

*Ax.* Why therefore came ye to invade him?  
By what dire Law, what curst Necessity,  
Enforc'd, do You thus range from West to East  
Purely to war on Virtue? cannot Merit  
Shine out, but You must strait rise up against it?

*Alex.* 'Tis true, I sought out *Porus*: But, believe me,  
'Twas not for his Destruction that I sought him.  
Spurr'd by the Rumour of his warlike Deeds,  
I long'd to see him: And the very Name  
Of one till then unconquer'd rous'd my Soul  
To new Exploits, and hither wing'd my Steps.  
When all Men's Eyes (I thought) on Me were fixt  
Strait did this Hero's recommended Valour  
Give check to Fame, and make her Doubt between us:  
The World thus ringing of Him, *India* seem'd  
To open to my Arm a worthy Field:  
Weary of conquering Kings without Resistance,  
With Joy I heard the Noise his Valour made:  
Encourag'd by so brave a Foe, I came  
To seek the Glory of a well-fought Battle:  
Nor has my Aim been frustrated: His Courage  
I own, has far surpass'd my Expectation.  
Vict'ry, which us'd to be my constant Follower,  
Had almost quitted Me to side with You.  
*Porus* disputed the least Laurel with me:  
And I may say, that ev'n the Loss of Vict'ry  
Has on my Enemy fresh Glory heap'd,  
That from so brave a Fall he higher rises,  
And that his greatest Joy is, that he Fought.

*Ax.* He well might quit all Care of Life, when singly  
He had to deal with such a Host: But, pray,  
Since you such Praise bestow upon his Valour,  
Why fought you not, my Lord, as Heroes should?  
Why did you by Deceit attack his Virtue,  
And use another's Hand to work his Fall?  
Exult: But know that *Taxiles* in secret  
Disputes the glorious Name of Conqueror with ye.  
The Traytor, not unjustly, thinks you owe  
The Victory to his Artifice alone.

And

And midst my Grief it pleases me to see  
The Glory shar'd by such a Wretch as Him.

*Alex.* In vain your Grief does seek to slur my Glory.  
I never yet was known to steal a Conquest,  
Nor by mean Shifts, which I am guiltless of,  
Deceive, instead of Vanquishing, an Enemy.  
I never could, tho' every where out-number'd,  
Disguise my Aims, or hide my self in Covert:  
The Sun has always lighted up my Battles.  
'Tis true, Compassion mov'd me for your Kingdoms,  
I try'd your Princes Rain to prevent,  
And would have Sav'd them both, or Fought them both.  
Believe —

*Ax.* I do believe that you're Invincible.  
But is't enough that All is easie to ye?  
Must ye, because ye Can, lay Kings in Chains,  
And carry Devastation thro' the World?  
What Crime had any of our Towns committed,  
Or how incurr'd your Wrath those num'rous Dead  
Which You have heap'd in Piles along th' *Hydaspes*?  
What had I done to draw the Tempest hither,  
To sink the only Man I could have lov'd?  
Did he o'er-run the Frontiers of Your *Greece*?  
Did We stir up Mankind against Your Glory?  
Alas! without being jealous, we admir'd it,  
*Perus* and I, charm'd with each other's Love,  
Were entring on a State more blest than Yours.  
*Perus* confin'd his Hopes to win a Heart  
Which had perhaps this Day nam'd Him its Conqu'ror.  
Had his been all the Blood You e'er had shed,  
Were this the only Crime you could be tax'd with,  
Would ye not think your self extreamly Wretched,  
To come so far to break so fair a Tye?  
Think what ye please, you're nothing but a Tyrant.

*Alex.* Madam, I see you'd have me grow enrag'd,  
And in unworthy Terms break out against ye:  
Hoping, perhaps, that my exhausted Mildness  
Will give some Blemish to its former Glory.  
But even tho' your Virtue had not charm'd me,  
You now attack a Conqueror disarm'd.  
My Soul, engag'd to pity you, unask'd,

Respects

Respects the sad Mis-hap in which you're plung'd.  
 'Tis your disastrous Trouble blinds your Eyes,  
 And shews me to ye as an odious Tyrant.  
 You, but for It, would own that Blood and Tears  
 Have not been always us'd to soil my Arms.

*Ax.* They must be blind, my Lord, who do not see  
 Those Virtues which but sharpen My Despair.  
 You have taught Victory her self. Sobriety,  
 T'unlearn that Pride which renders her so Fatal:  
 Tam'd by your Sword, the *Scythian* and the *Persian*  
 Hug the soft Chain and sport beneath the Yoke,  
 Tendring your Welfare like your proper Subjects.  
 But what am I the better, if, while *Others*  
 Adore your Goodness, *Me* you Persecute?  
 Think ye that my Aversion must abate,  
 Because *They* kiss the Hand that gives *Me* Pain?  
 Will all these Kings whom you've aveng'd or aided,  
 Those num'rous Nations whom Your Sway makes easie;  
 Restore to me my *Porus*? No, my Lord:  
 The more that You by all the World are lov'd,  
 The more that I my self am forc'd t'admire ye,  
 So much the more I hate ye.

*Alex.* I excuse  
 The Transports of a Friendship so transcendent:  
 Tho', Madam, they may very well surprize me.  
 If common Fame has not abus'd my Ears,  
*Porus* with no kind Look was ever favour'd.  
 'Twixt *Taxiles* and Him your Heart still waver'd,  
 And, while He liv'd, conceal'd its Thoughts in Silence.  
 And now when He no longer hears your Voice,  
 You give Decision in his Favour, Madam!  
 Think ye that his cold Ashes ask your Love?  
 Oppress not thus your Soul with uselefs Sorrows.  
 Cares more important call ye off; your Tears,  
 Have paid sufficient Honour to his Mem'ry.  
 Reign, and support the Glory of a Queen,  
 Calm your disorder'd Senses, and consult  
 The Welfare of your State, shook by his Fall:  
 Chuse It, among so many Kings, a Master.  
*Taxiles* still assiduous——

*Ax.*

*Ax.* What, that Traytor?

*Alex.* Be not so harsh in your Opinion of him.  
He ne'er was soil'd with Treach'ry towards You.  
Master of his Dominions, he had Pow'r  
Them and himself to save from Defolation.  
Nor Oath nor Duty bound him to embrace  
The Ruin *Porus* ran into the Jaws of.  
In short, remember *Alexander's* self  
Sollicites for a Prince that loves ye. Think  
How the *Hydaspes* and the *Indies* join'd  
Will rowl their peaceful Streams beneath your Laws.  
Think what Accessions I may heap upon ye,  
When once Your Int'rests are the same with his.  
He comes. I will not check his Sighs, but leave him  
T'unfold his ardent Wishes at your Feet.  
My Presence is already too offensive.  
The Lovers Converse calls for Privacy. [Exit *Alex.*

*Enter Taxiles.*

*Ax.* Approach thou mighty Monarch of the *Indies*.  
I have been rattl'd for my Anger tow'rds ye.  
I'm told, that pleasing Me is all you aim at,  
That all my Coyness but confirms your Love.  
Nay more, they'd have me Love ye in my turn;  
But know'st thou what a Task thou must perform :  
Know'st thou the Means that must be us'd to win me?  
Art thou prepar'd —

*Tax.* Ah! Madam, only try me,  
Try what so sweet a Hope can urge me to.  
What must I do?

*Ax.* He that does truly love me,  
Must be in love with Glory as I am.  
He must declare his Love by glorious Deeds,  
And bear to *Alexander* mortal Hatred.  
He fearless must look Danger in the Face,  
Must fight, must conquer, or in Battel fall.  
Cast, cast thy Eyes on *Porus*, and Thy self,  
And judge which most deserv'd *Axiane*.  
Yes, *Taxiles*, my Heart, in shew unfix'd,  
Knew how to chuse betwixt a Slave and King.  
I lov'd him, I adore him. And since Fate  
Forbids him to enjoy so sweet a Sight,

'Tis



'Tis You shall be the Witness of his Glory:  
My Tears, each Moment, shall revive his Mem'ry,  
And thou shalt hear me talk of none but Him.

*Tax.* Then your Heart's frozen, and I burn in vain?  
Can nothing, nothing wipe away his Image?

*Ax.* Thou may'st once more recover my Esteem:  
In our Foe's Blood thou may'st wash off thy Crime.  
Occasion smiles, and *Porus*, tho' intomb'd,  
Is rallying now his Soldiers round his Standard.

His very Ghost seems to arrest their Flight;  
Nay ev'n thy Troops, asham'd of thy Desertion,  
Shew, by their Brow indignantly contracted,  
That they repent the Crime you forc'd 'em to:  
Go, second the Impatience that devours 'em.

Avenge our yet respiring Liberties.

Be thou my Throne's Defender and thy own.

Run, fly and be a second *Porus* to us.

You answer nothing. On thy Face I read  
Thy dastard Spirit. I in vain point out  
A Hero's Traces. Thou'rt resolv'd on Slav'ry.  
Go, slave it on, and leave me to my self.

*Tax.* This is too much. You have perhaps forgot  
That I can talk Commandingly, if urg'd.

I may grow weary of your scornful Treatment.

I am the Master of your State and Person,

And may —

*Ax.* I know it. I'm your Pris'ner, Sir:  
Perhaps you think to captivate my Thoughts,  
And make me trembling yield to your Desires.  
Go to, throw off Disguise and be your self.  
Call Terror to your Aid: Exert the Tyrant.  
Do what thou wilt, my Hate can be no greater;  
But prithee do not waste thy Breath in Threats.  
Thy Sister comes t'instruct thee what to do.  
If her Advice and my Desires prevail,  
Thou'lt soon enable me to re-join *Porus*.

*Tax.* Ah! may I rather —

[*Exit Ax.*]

*Enter Cleophile.*

*Cleo.* Leave that thankless Woman.  
Sworn Troubler of our Peace: Forget her.

*Tax.*

*Tax.* No.

I love her, and tho' all my fervent Vows  
Obtain nought else but everlasting Hatred;  
Yet 'spite of her Disdain and your Perswasions,  
Spite of my self, I must for ever love her.  
But after all, her Anger's not surprizing.  
On You and on My self the Blame must fall.  
Had it not been for your pernicious Counsels,  
She less had hated me, and I had kept her  
Still in suspense 'twixt *Porus* and My self.  
O with what Pleasure had it fill'd my Soul,  
But for a Moment to have seen her waver!  
No, I can't live beneath her Hatred's weight.  
I must go sue for Mercy at her Feet.  
I fly, resolv'd t'assist her Indignation,  
Against Your self and *Alexander* too.  
I know the mutual Fire which burns ye Both.  
But still your Quiet must give way to Mine;  
Perish the Universe, so I be easie.

*Cleo.* Go then and hasten to the bloody Field,  
Let not your present Ardor cool: Why stay ye?  
Away: the Battel rages, *Porus* waits ye.

*Tax.* How's this! does *Porus* once again appear?

*Cleo.* He does: By his fell Blows too surely known.  
He manag'd well. The Rumour of his Death  
Kept back a too believing Conqueror's Arm.  
He comes to steal upon their sleeping Valour,  
And disconcert a Vict'ry ill-secur'd.  
He doubtless comes like an enraged Lover  
To bear away his Mistress, or to perish.  
Your Troops, seduc'd by that ungrateful Woman,  
Murmur, and seem prepar'd to follow *Porus*.  
Go then your self: Go like a gen'rous Lover,  
Assist your happy Rival's Cause. Adieu. [Exit *Cleo*.]

*Tax. alone.* Does Fortune, obstinately bent against me,  
Revive an armed Rival to destroy me?  
Shall He revisit her who mourn'd his Death,  
And who ev'n then esteem'd Him more than Me?  
Ah! 'tis too much. I'll try what Lot awaits me,  
And who's to carry off this noble Conquest.

Come

Come on: Nor let us, idly wrathful, stay  
For others to decide th' important Quarrel.

[Exeunt.]

A C T V.

*Enter Alexander and Cleophile.*

*Alex.* **W**HAT! fear'd ye *Porus* after his Defeat?  
And did ye think my Conquest not accomplish'd?  
No, 'twas impossible he shou'd escape me:  
My Soldiers had each Avenue beset.  
Now he's an Object not of Fear but Pity.

*Cleo.* 'Tis Now that *Porus* most is to be fear'd,  
However brave he was, his bruited Valour  
Disquieted me less than his Misfortune.  
While at a pow'rful Army's Head he stood;  
His Forces, his Exploits alarm'd me not.  
But he's a subjugated hapless King,  
And therefore Now I rank him 'mong your Friends.

*Alex.* That is a Rank which *Porus* cannot challenge;  
Too studiously he labour'd for my Hatred.  
He knows I long withstood the Provocations:  
But now I hate him to his Heart's desire.  
I owe too an Example to the World.  
I ought on Him to take a full Revenge  
For all those Mischiefs he had Pow'r t'avert.  
I'll punish him for forcing me to do't.

'Twice vanquisht, hated by my charming Princess—

*Cleo.* My Lord, I hate not *Porus*, I confess,  
And if 'twere lawful for me now to hear  
The Voice of his Misfortunes pleading for him,  
I'd tell ye, that of all our Princes, He  
Was far the Greatest: that our Provinces  
Have by his single Arm been long defended:  
That he, in marching against You was proud  
Of furnishing fit Matter for your Sword;  
Assur'd if once in Battel he cou'd meet ye,  
His Name wou'd follow yours throughout the World.  
But if I Him defend, my gen'rous Cares  
Injure my Brother, and destroy his Wishes.

If *Porus* live, where then is *Taxiles*?

His Ruin's certain, and mine too perhaps.

Yes, if his Love does unsuccessful prove,

*Cleophile* must bear the Blame and Punishment.

When betwixt Him and You I see the *Ganges*

(As You're upon the Wing to gain fresh Conquests,)

Who then, my Lord, shall curb his lawless Rage?

Of its sole Joy bereft, my sick'ning Heart

Will, lonely, mourn and pine away with Grief:

Or shou'd he force it to another Object,

Where will the Conqu'ror be to whom I gave it?

*Alex.* This is too much: and if your Heart is mine,

I shall, in spite of Him, know how to keep it

Better than all those Realms my Sword has conquer'd,

Those Realms which I but kept for your Acceptance,

One Vict'ry more than, Madam, I return

To be by You commanded, and to bound

My Glory in the Circle of Your Arms.

The *Mallian* waits to render me his Homage.

Now I'm so near the Ocean, what remains

But that I shew me to that boistrous Element,

As Conqueror of the World, and Your Adorer?

Then —

*Cleo.* But, my Lord, why always War on War?

Do ye, beyond the Earth, look out for Subjects?

And wou'd ye have for Witness of your Actions,

Countries, unknown ev'n to their Inhabitants.

In such rude Climes what can ye hope to fight?

They'll set against ye vast untrodden Wastes,

Desarts which Heav'n refuses to enlighten,

Where Nature seems her self to lye expiring.

Nay, envious Chance, who has not yet been able

To stop the Course of such a glorious Life,

May wait your coming there, and means to bury,

If not your Name, your Tomb in dark Oblivion.

Think you to drag along a shatter'd Army,

So oft recruited and so oft consum'd?

Your Soldiers, whose bare Aspect moves Compassion,

Have left in sundry Places half themselves.

Their Groans and Cries sufficiently inform —

*Alex.*



*Alex.* Madam, They'll march, if I but once appear.  
Those Hearts which, with a Camp's vain leisure spoil'd,  
Run o'er their Wounds and murmur as they tell 'em,  
To follow Me fresh Spirits will assume,  
Covet new Wounds, and blame their former Murmurs.  
But first we'll *Taxiles's* Love support.  
His Rival can no more his Wishes cross:  
Madam, I've said it once, and do again.

*Cleo.* My Lord, the Queen —

*Eneer Axiane.*

*Alex.* Well, Madam, *Porus* lives.

Heav'n seems t'have heard your Pray'rs, and gives him t'yeit.

*Ax.* Alas! for ever It deprives me of him.

No glimpse of Hope remains to ease my Pain:

His Death before was Doubtful, now 'tis Certain.

He flings himself upon it, and perhaps

'Tis solely for my sake, to bring me Aid.

But what's his single Person to an Army?

In vain his Efforts did at first alarm 'em:

In vain some Warriors, by his Courage hearten'd,

Again spread Terror in the Victor's Camp:

He must, o'er-power'd, sink at length; expiring

Upon those Piles of Dead that stop his Passage.

O cou'd I have the Liberty to shew him

*Axiane*, and die before his Face!

But *Taxiles* restrains me: yet the Traytor

Is gone to feed upon that Hero's Blood,

Is gone to look on him in Death's cold Arms;

If yet he has the Courage to approach him.

*Alex.* No, Madam, by my Care his Life is sav'd;

Soon his Return will satisfy your Wish.

You'll see him.

*Ax.* Do your Cares extend to Him?

And does the Arm that sunk him raise him up?

Cou'd I from *Alexander* hope his Safety?

Indeed what may we not from Him expect?

But I, my Lord, remember well you told me

That *Alexander*, Conqu'ror, had no Foes,

And that the Moment he a Vict'ry gain'd

His Enmity was over. Gallant Mind!

Neither was *Porus Alexander's* Enemy:

Glory did equally inflame ye both:

He long'd t' encounter so renown'd a Warrior,

And *You* attackt him only to preserve him.

*Alex.* His fixt Contempt which sets me at Defiance,

Doubtless deserves a Conqueror, more severe.

His Pride in Falling seems to be confirm'd.

But I'm resolv'd to cease to be his Foe,

And will proceed as *Taxiles* shall arbitrate:

He only can or save him or destroy him,

And him alone it is that *You* must gain.

*Ax.* I bend my Knee to Him? for an Asylum

Am I turn'd o'er to *Taxiles's* Mercy?

Must *Porus* seek for such a base Support?

Alas, my Lord, I find you've vow'd his Death.

You only sought him out for his Destruction:

How soon a generous Soul may be seduc'd!

My easie Heart, forgetting all its Anger,

Admir'd Perfections You're a Stranger to.

Go to, my Lord, be Cruel as you're Valiant,

Sully with Blood a Course begun so nobly.

After so many Foes have felt your Favours,

Destroy the only one you shou'd ha' sav'd:

*Alex.* He comes.

*Enter Porus, Hephestion and Alexander's Guards.*

*Alex.* Well, *Porus*, see what Pride produces!

Where's fled the Hope that lur'd ye to your Ruin?

Your haughty Spirit is at length reduc'd.

I owe one Victim to my slighted Glory.

Yet I with willing Hands hold forth to *Porus*,

What he so often has refus'd, a Pardon.

*Axiane*, rebellious to my Goodness,

Will, tho' it cost your Life, be constant to ye;

Wou'd have ye die without one wavering Thought,

Meerly that *You* may carry to the Grave

The Appellation of her faithful Lover.

Pay not so dear for such an useless Glory.

Resign your Love to *Taxiles*, and live.

*Por.* To *Taxiles*?

*Alex.* To Him.

*Por.* You do but well.

What he has done for You deserves no less:

'Twas

'Twas He depriv'd me of my hop'd-for Conquest,  
 Gave ye his Sister, sold his Reputation,  
 Deserted *Porus*. Can you ever hope  
 To recompense the least of all these Favours?  
 But I have eas'd ye of so great a Debt.  
 Go see him now expiring on the Field——

*Alex.* What! *Taxiles*?

*Cleo.* O Heav'ns!

*Hep.* My Lord, he's dead.

He flung himself upon his own Destruction.

*Porus* was vanquish'd. But instead of yielding

He seem'd t' Attack, not stand on the Defensive.

His Soldiers dead and dying at his Feet

Made him a Bulwark with their slaughter'd Bodies.

There as within a Fortrefs firm he stood

The brunt of a whole Army, and forbid

Th' Approach ev'n of our most intrepid Warriors.

But yet I spar'd him. His exhausted Vigor

Would soon ha' put his Life into my Pow'r,

When *Taxiles* approacht the bloody Spot:

*Keep off* cries he. *this Captive is my due:*

*Porus*. *there is no help, thy Ruin's certain;*

*Thou must, or perish or renounce the Queen.*

These Words reviv'd the deaden'd Rage of *Porus*,

Who lifting up his weary'd Arm, and searching

His Rival with an Eye sedately Haughty,

*Hear I not Taxile's Voice*, said he,

*That most accursed most perfidious Traytor,*

*Who has betray'd his Country, Mistress, Me?*

*Coward come on, Axiane is thine,*

*I'm willing to resign that glorious Conquest,*

*But then my Head along with it must go.*

*Approach.* With this the irritated Rivals

Flew at each other. We oppos'd their Rage,

But *Porus* thro' the Crowd his Passage opens,

Comes up to *Taxiles*, and strikes him dead,

And then contented yields himself to Us.

*Cleo.* So none but I, my Lord, have cause to mourn.

Your Arms whole weight has fal'n on none but me.

Vainly my Brother courted your Protection;

Alas! He only finds your Glory fatal,

What

What does your Friendship boot him in the Grave?  
But shall his Death, my Lord, go unreveng'd?  
Shall he who kill'd him live to boast he did it?

*Ax.* Do, my Lord, hear *Cleophile's* Complaints:  
I pity her. She justly mourns her Brother.  
All she could do to save him prov'd in vain.  
She made a Coward of him, yet he perisht.  
Not that 'twas *Porus's* Fault: It was his own.  
What Bus'ness call'd him where the Battle rag'd?  
Meant he to rescue *Porus* from his Danger?  
No, no, he went t'insult a hapless King,  
A King whom Victory her self respected.  
But wherefore do I try to dispossess ye  
Of a Pretence so fair, so colourable?  
What more desire ye? *Taxiles* is dead.

Offer, my Lord, this Victim to his *Manes*,  
This mighty Victim: Do, revenge your self.  
But don't forget that I his Crime partake:  
Yes; my Heart, *Porus*, does not love by halves:  
This, *Alexander* knows: This, griev'd your Rival.  
You only of your Happiness was ign'rant.  
But I rejoice you live, from Me, to hear it.

*Por.* Ah! Madam, let on Me their Vengeance fall:  
Imbitter not a Fate you've made so charming.  
To be by You bewail'd, what greater Glory  
Could Vict'ry's self have granted to my Wishes?

*To Alex.]* 'Tis now full time, You sated your Revenge.  
You see what I, tho' vanquisht, have perform'd.  
Fear *Porus*. Fear again this unarm'd Hand,  
Avenging, 'midst an Army, its defeat.  
My Name may raise new Enemies, and waken  
A hundred Kings now sleeping in their Chains.  
First stifle in my Blood those Seeds of War,  
Then safely quell the rest of human Race.

Think not a Heart like mine can own a Conqu'ror,  
Or stoop to supplicate ought of Thee. Speak,  
Let's see if thou know'st how to use a Vict'ry.

*Alex.* *Porus's* Pride's incapable of bending.  
Ev'n to his utmost Gasp he gives me Threats.  
Indeed my Vict'ry well may be alarm'd,  
I ought to guard against such Men. Speak therefore,

How



How should I treat ye, think ye?

*Por.* Like a King.

*Alex.* Then like a King I am resolv'd to treat ye.  
I will not leave my Victory unfinished.

Your self desir'd it, so you can't complain.

*Porus*, reign on : Your Kingdom I restore ye,

With it, accept my Friendship, - and *Axians*.

To those soft Fetters I condemn ye both.

Live both and reign, sole Monarchs of the *Indies*. [ye]

To *Cleo.*] I own this Treatment, Madam, may surprise

But this is always *Alexander's* Vengeance.

I love ye; and my Heart, when You complain,

Would by a thousand Deaths avenge your Grievs.

But you your self would be offended at it,

If I should put to death an unarm'd Enemy.

*Porus* would triumph then and, braving *Alexander*,

Would like a Conqueror to his Tomb descend.

Permit me to compleat my Course and bring

A spotless Virtue to your beauteous Eyes.

Let *Porus* crown'd by Me, in *India* reign :

And be the rest of the World's Circuit Yours.

Assume the Thoughts which such a Rank suggests.

Make, in its Infancy, your Reign admir'd,

And looking on the Splendor that surrounds ye,

Forget the Wrath of *Taxiles's* Sister.

*Ax.* Yes, Madam, Reign ; and give Me leave t'admire

The Greatness of the Heroe's Soul who loves ye.

Love, and Possess th' uncommon Satisfaction

Of seeing all the Earth adore Your Lover.

*Por.* My Lord, 'till now, the Universe, alarm'd,

Forc'd me t'admire the Fortune of your Arms.

But nothing forc'd me in that common Fright

To own in You, more Virtues than in Me.

But now I yield. Your Conquest is compleat.

Your Virtues, I confess, do match your Glory.

Go on, my Lord, to subjugate the World;

And I my self will second your Exploits.

I follow ye, by Duty call'd, t'endeavour

To give the World a Master so Heroick.

*Cleo.*

*Cleo.* My Lord, I murmur not against your Virtue;  
Both Life and Crown to *Porus* you restore;  
I will believe your Glory prompts ye to't:  
But press not Me to answer. My griev'd Soul  
Can only weep, in Silence, its Disaster.

*Alex.* Yes, Madam, we will mourn so true a Friend,  
And Sighing shew in what Esteem we held him.  
A noble Tomb shall tell to future Ages,  
At once My Gratitude and Your Misfortune.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

# ERRATA.

Page 33. last Line but 3 read, *Or, if he can, &c.* p. 43.  
last Line but 7 read, *Tir'd*; and the next Line read, *You over-*  
*lookt me as you ne'er had known me*; p. 44. last Line but one  
read, *I did, &c.* last Line of all read, *Together, &c.*